

THE *Eng. Poetry vol 48.*
P R O G R E S S
O F
G A L L A N T R Y;
A P O E T I C A L E S S A Y.
I N T H R E E C A N T O S.

*"The attachment between the Sexes is a natural principle; which
"forms, in a considerable degree, the happiness of human life."*

Compar. View of the State of Man, &c.



L O N D O N:
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THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
G A L L A N T R Y.

To LADY -----.

C A N T O I.

FROWN not, fair Nymph, when you surprize
My daring, fascinated eyes,

Fix'd on that face, which none can see,

And not with wonder gaze, like me.

O Julia ! form'd to be admir'd ;

Frown not, when, thus with rapture fir'd,

B

I catch

I catch the accents from your tongue ;
 Mellifluous as the Linnet's song :
 Profanely languishing for charms,
 Sacred to your lov'd Strephon's arms.

'Tis not a tribute to fine sense,
 Tho' much those melting lips dispense ;
 'Tis not the splendor which attends
 And dignifies kind Fortune's friends ;
 Nor deference to your rank and station ;
 (Which sometimes bribes th' Imagination)
 No ; 'tis your Sex this homage claims :
 'Tis Beauty still my breast inflames.

Tho', stealing on with silent pace,
 The hand of Time has mark'd my face ;
 Tho' wrinkles imitate a frown,
 And silver locks my temples crown ;

Old as I'm grown, and long despair
 Of smiles or favours from the fair ;
 His gentle sway Love yet maintains,
 Yet lingers in my stiffening veins.

Think not in Otaheit* alone,
 The genuine force of Love is known ;
 Where, unrestrain'd by fear or shame,
 The nymphs and swains indulge the flame :
 Through all the tribes of human kind,
 (Tho' by more decent rules refin'd)
 See Nature every breast inspire
 With sparks of this celestial fire ;
 Which burns, with unremitting rage,
 From earliest infancy to age :

* An Island in the South Seas ; lately discover'd by the Dolphin ;
 whose inhabitants are distinguish'd by their beauty and amorous disposition.
 Hawkesworth's account of Banks and Solander's Voyage.

Controuls us with coercive laws,
And sex to sex attractive draws.

When vernal Suns now wake the flow'rs,
And, smiling, from her myrtle bow'rs,
Mild Zephyrus gay Flora leads,
And lambs are sporting in the meads :
Whilst the sweet Linnet and the Thrush
Warble their loves on every bush :
See ! from the Nursery's gloomy fire,
In scarlet vest, the infant 'Squire
With Sisters and their play-mates fair,
Ventures to breathe the balmy air.
By instinct led, he longs to rove
With some young Sylvia thro' the grove
Beneath the Laurel's darksome shade,
Eloping from th' attendant Maid,

(For

(For Molly too is pensive grown,
 Indulging wishes of her own,)
 The little Pair close-nestling gets ;
 Picks primroses and violets.
 Like Dido and her Trojan Spark,
 Fond to retire to Grottoes dark ;
 Or rolling on the fragrant grass,
 Our pigmy hero and his lass ;
 The contact sweet and secrecy
 Already charm, they know not why.
 He longs from sympathizing Miss,
 He longs—but fears to steal a kiss.
 Each feels the new-born, latent fire,
 Tho' blushes stifle young Desire.
 Thus, early, Love soft hints imparts,
 Thus flutters round e'en infant hearts.

When,

When, now a School-boy tall become,
 He spends the festive tide at home,
 'Midst female Cousins, all the day,
 He romps, or chats, or reads a play :
 In visits helps to form the ring,
 A staring, half-form'd, forward thing :
 Attends them in their evening walk,
 With gambols gay or amorous talk.
 Catches each look, each artless smile ;
 Or hands the Ladies o'er the stile.
 Officious, as a spaniel dog,
 Picks up a glove, or ties a clog,
 By Nature's self thus taught to try
 The various arts of Gallantry.

At Supper, oh ! how blest his fate !
 He steals a Tart from Sylvia's plate ;

Then

Then brings her Wine, or plays her Cards,
A touch, a look his toil rewards.

Whilst superficial folks admire
Th' improvements of the youthful 'Squire,
These little Gallantries but prove
The secret force of dawning Love;
Which, tho' it sometimes Coxcombs makes,
Yet different forms the Passion takes :
The rugged temper it refines ;
Inspir'd by Love the Blockhead shines ;
The awkward learn to move with ease ;
And slovens, by their dress to please.

These triumphs of Love's sov'reign Queen,
Let Cymon tell, and Iphigene*.

* Cymon and Iphigenia, in Dryden and Boccace.

Then I say, that I am, or have not, said.

A word, a look, the countenance.

It is all in the eye, and the heart.

The improvement of the human spirit.

That is the Christian's true move.

The first step of drawing love.

Which, in its essence, is the heart.

Yet different from the human heart.

The rugged temper of the heart.

And by love the heart is made.

The heart and love to move with ease.

And love, by each other's heart.

That is the triumph of love's foreign heart.

Let us tell, and let us hear.

Of love and love, in every heart.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

BUT see ! mature the stripling grows ;
His Cheeks the bloom of Youth disclose.

The passions now their height attain,

And Reason pleads *her* cause in vain.

Now in his eye each female face

Affumes inexplicable grace.

Fair Beauty's charms new joys impart,

And thrilling rapture swells his heart.

Now dress and splendid equipage,

The pomp of life ! his thoughts engage.

Ridottos, Routs, Plays, brilliant Courts,
 Where'er the well-dress'd Nymph resorts ;
 At Bath and every public place,
 He shews his *fashionable* face.

To dance, to fence, with graceful pride
 The snorting Hunter to bestride ;
 Each feat, in youthful vigour warm,
 He learns, the female heart to charm.

But, fix'd at length on some chaste Fair,
 Sole object of his tender care ;
 To *her* each look, each thought inclines,
 For *her* in Solitude he pines :

The ecchoing hills and vocal grove,
 Are witness to his plaintive Love.
 Each smooth-rin'd Beech may rue his flame,
 Condemn'd to bear his Delia's name.

The

The Pink and Rose his breast adorn ;
 Sweet emblems of her beauties worn !
 Each ornament, his taste in dress,
 Whate'er his fondness may express,
 To please his Delia is directed :
 And useful Sciences neglected,
 Tibullus, Petrarch, Waller's ease,
 Those gentler Bards alone can please,
 That felt, and in soft numbers strove
 To paint the pleasing pangs of Love.

Yet should some rival Youth but share
 A look from this distinguish'd Fair ;
 Should Jealousy but once suggest
 He reigns not in his Delia's breast :
 Should she presume to frown or chide,
 His passion, like the stormy tide,

Raging, o'erflows cool Reason's bounds,
 And all his sober sense confounds.
 Some desperate resolution's taken ;
 His books, his friends, his home forsaken ;
 Actæon-like, when Dian' drove,
 Wildly amidst his dogs to rove,
 O'er woods and hills he frantic flies,
 The fox, the hare in vengeance dies.
 Orlando's self less havoc made ;
 Prime hero ! in the murdering trade.

For this of old th' advent'rous Knight
 Brav'd death in many an hardy fight.
 In furious Tilt display'd his Love,
 In hopes his mistress might approve.
 Or, by her frowns bereav'd of rest,
 Or banish'd by her stern behest ;

Abandon'd wealth, and ease, and home,
 Thro' woods and forests wild to roam :
 Disdain'd to sleep on beds of down ;
 In tedious absence bought renown ;
 In distant climes new dangers fought ;
 Fell monsters, dragons, giants fought :
 With bruises, wounds, and blood delighted,
 Yet thought his hardships well requited ;
 Might she his services regard,
 And one kind look his toils reward.

Thus Strephon leaves his downy bed ;
 Forth to the field the hunter's led ;
 Ere Sol has thaw'd the crackling frost,
 Hills, dales, and distant plains are crost ;
 The fox unkennel'd leads the way ;
 And thus through half "the live-long day"

He

He rides, as if some Fury drove,
 Fix'd in his side * the shafts of Love,
 His Delia's favour to obtain ;
 And with her smiles relieve his pain.
 Yet urg'd by wild caprice to range,
 No change of place his love can change :
 Ere noon impatient he returns,
 For Delia's sight with ardor burns.
 Then with ambitious hopes repeats
 To Delia all his manly feats ;
 For *her* his glass, his food neglected,
 And every vulgar joy rejected,
 His Delia's smile, or cruel frown,
 Must fix his doom, or raptures crown.

* ——— "Hæret lateri lethalis arundo." VIRG.

C A N T O I I I.

AND here the paths of Love divide ;
 And blest the Mortals that decide
 (Not merely as dull Sophists preach)
 As Reason, Honour, Justice teach :
 Taught to prefer domestic bliss
 To the false harlot's venal kifs.
 For, on a mistress or a wife,
 Depends the happiness of life.

Let * Hogarth's pencil, † Hoadly's verse,
 The fate of lawless love rehearse,

* Rake's Progress.

† Doddsley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5.

Paint the remorse, the scorpion-stings,
 That unrestrain'd indulgence brings :
 The Rake, when short-liv'd pleasures fail,
 Condemn'd to Bedlam or a Jail.

Would you be happy then ? Be wise ;
 The road thro' Hymen's temple lies ;
 In virtuous wedlock joys abound,
 Which Libertines have never found.
 If she, for whom your bosom burns,
 Your love with mutual warmth returns :
 Your heart if not mere beauty warms,
 But sense and virtue crown her charms ;
 Ah ! seize the prize, and live content,
 You'll ne'er of this wise choice repent.

Yet Hymen's self, true source of joy,
 Th' experienc'd know in time may cloy,

If not by prudent care directed,
 If decent forms are once neglected.
 Kind offices must now supply
 The place of youth and novelty;
 Let *Gallantry* subsist thro' life,
 And as a Lover court your Wife.

Let her in trifles have her will,
 Yet reign her gentle Sovereign still ;
 Should Fancy sometimes lead to roam,
 Confine her not too much at home ;
 Her Love tho' center'd all in you,
 Her charms let all with freedom view.
 With public shews she'll glut her eyes,
 And soon the vain parade despise.
Forbidden pleasures are more sweet ;
 But Honey cloy when *freely* eat.

D

Nor

Nor yet disdain well-pleas'd to share
 With her each soft domestic care ;
 In you let her lov'd infants find
 Like tenderness with prudence join'd ;
 That mutual source of fond delight,
 Your hearts more firmly will unite.
 Each gloomy thought by you repress,
 Be banish'd from her anxious breast.
 Let books your vacant hours employ,
 And make e'en Home a scene of joy.

That time your fondness may renew,
 In fairest light her actions view ;
 Her virtues praise, her foibles hide,
 And tho' she's wrong—forebear to chide :
 Her frailties should your pity move,
 And pity will augment your love.

Thus gliding down the stream of life,
 Attended by a faithful wife,
 You'll make age, sickness, fortune's spite,
 By mutual consolation light.
 A calm springs up from joys like these,
 A life of happiness and ease :
 Lovers are mellow'd into friends,
 As Time the glaring colours blends.
 Friendship succeeds to fierce desire,
 The warmth remains—but not the fire.

Since Nature then, for ends most wise,
 This social principle supplies,
 With which her Offspring she has blest
 And deeply planted in each breast ;
 Since the first link in love we trace,
 That binds in one the human race ;

Let none with philosophic pride
 Love's gentle Votaries deride :
 On Nature's plain decrees refine,
 Nor counter-act her great design.
 Art thou alone, for some strange cause,
 Exempted from his general laws ?
 None can from Love *ensure* his heart,
 Nor ev'n by flight escape the dart.
 Love ev'n in Convents will intrude,
 And haunt the Hermit's Solitude.

Nor yet indulge beyond controul
 This ruling bias of the Soul ;
 In legal bounds its power restrain,
 And gently guide with Wisdom's rein.
 As life declines let Love give way,
 And Reason bear despotic sway ;

'Till, check'd by Time, his boist'rous rage
But kindly warms your freezing age.

Those that in Youth to lust enslav'd,
Or who Love's power have rashly brav'd;
Who, in pursuit of wealth or fame,
Have half suppress'd the genial flame,
Smit with unseasonable * love,
Too late his sovereignty shall prove ;
With his own slave some base amour
Perhaps shall drain his golden store,
Brib'd by his Wealth whilst young Gallants,
As she does *his*, supply *her* wants.
Perhaps equipp'd like old Sir Paul,
At Tunbridge or at City Ball,

* Turpe senilis amor. Ov.

Oddly

Oddly profuse, absurdly gay,
(In Winter deck'd like blooming May)
With shaking head and tottering knee,
He'll dress and dance at Sixty-three;
Forfeit the reverence due to Age;
By giggling Youth shov'd off the Stage.



T H E E N D.



